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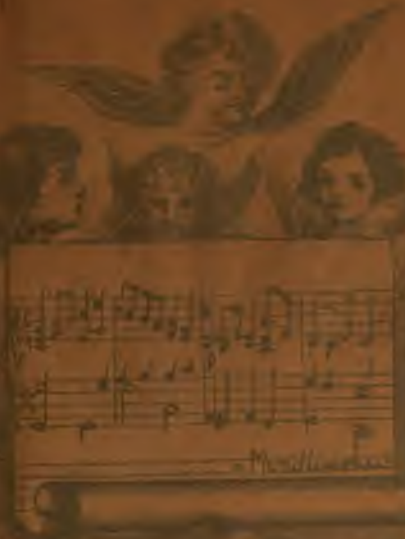
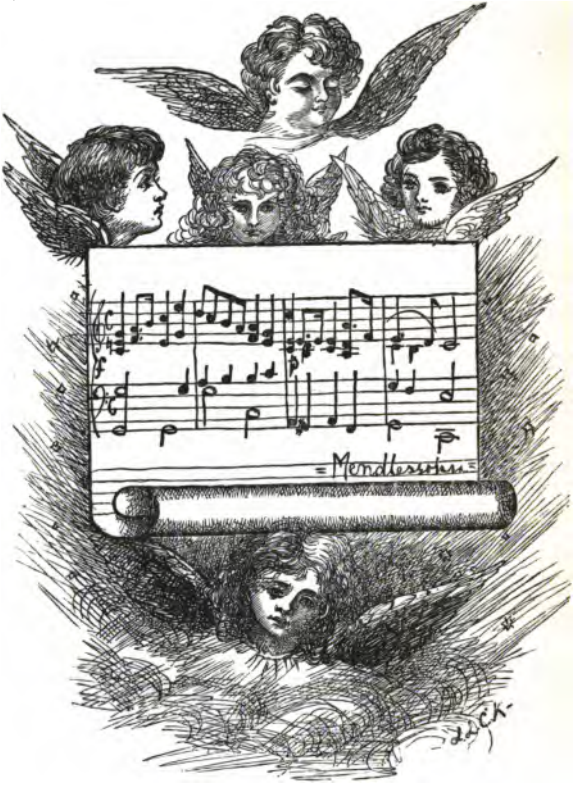

MUSIC IN SONG.

from

Chaucer to Tennyson.

"A Merry Christmas."

MUSIC IN SONG.

Mendelssohn

MUSIC IN SONG.

FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON.

BEING A SELECTION OF EXTRACTS
DESCRIPTIVE OF THE POWER, INFLUENCES,
AND EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

COMPILED BY

L. L. CARMELA KOELLE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY DR J. STAINER.

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PREFACE.

THIS little collection is for those who love Poetry and Music, the Sister Arts which have always been inseparable.

The Music of words occupies so vast a field, that it has been very difficult to make short selections, and I beg to apologize for the scant justice done to many of the poems.

The selections are arranged in Chronological order, but a few extracts which I was unable to identify are grouped together at the end.

I must thank most sincerely the Authors and Publishers for their kind permission, so courteously and willingly given, to make these extracts. If I have transgressed in omitting to ask leave to use some of the shorter selections, I request that I may be pardoned.

SURBITON, *January* 1883.

. . . "I hardly dare
To bring a voice which thou didst never train,
To the high soaring difficult air
Of thy celestial strain." . . .

Ode of Life.

TO

PAUL V. MENDELSSOHN BENECKE,

AS A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

ALL WE OWE HIS ILLUSTRIOUS GRANDFATHER,

I DEDICATE THESE SELECTIONS

FROM ENGLISH AUTHORS.

feelings nor stand as signs of thought. Here, among sweet sounds of various pitches, qualities, and strength, moulded by the mind of genius into harmonic combinations, sometimes majestic and bold, sometimes tender and plaintive, through which a melody or many deftly interwoven melodies are heard flowing ever onward in rhythmic waves, here, indeed, he feels his soul stirred to its very base by crowds of hurrying emotions, which press upon each other so rapidly that time for interpretation were wanting, even if the means were within reach. Thus snatched away from the ordinary course of thought and feeling, the musician may well believe that he is listening to the whisperings of unknown beings whose language is understood by the more spiritual side of his nature, while his common every-day mind stands looking on in wonder. But cannot Poetry produce equally strange results? In some respects it can, but the answer to this question cannot be an unqualified affirmative. From one point of view Poetry stands inferior to Music, from another it is superior. Music after a long and slow process of development has constituted itself into a recognized method of expression, in short, into a language—speaking of or speaking to the emotions, yet one which cannot be spoken or heard without the subtle aid of intellect, which is as necessary an ingredient of the genius who creates the language of Music as of the hearer who hopes to understand it. But the intangibility and

indefiniteness of the language of Music, whilst allowing the most cultivated and refined among its hearers to soar into far-off regions of imaginative pleasure, addresses the untutored and ignorant, that is (alas!) the majority, in an absolutely unknown tongue. To these it is merely a not unpleasant collection of sounds. They may perhaps have enough knowledge to trace the different kinds and qualities of tone, but they learn nothing from, and find no meaning in such a variety; it is of no more mental import to them than a succession of sweet smells would be. In other words, Music can only call up slumbering or latent emotions, feelings already in potential existence: it cannot create new emotions for us and drive them into the soul through the ears; it can only awake vibrations among heart-strings already attuned and ready to throb in sympathetic pulses. Poetry, on the other hand, has for its plastic material, words of known meaning and common use, and when addressed to the ordinary mass of people, it is therefore less likely to be misunderstood or to convey no meaning at all. It would, however, be fallacious to jump to the conclusion that the uneducated and vulgar are capable of gathering the full meaning of the best Poetry. Of course not; the more hidden beauties both of thought and diction will be missed by them, and lost. It must be feared even by the most pronounced optimist that there will ever be swine before whom the

very pearls of Poetry and Music may be thrown; only, the ancient proverb is in these days illustrated in a rather remarkable way, it is found now that the two-legged tramplers-under-foot consider themselves highly qualified critics. But happily for the progress of humanity the pearls last on, to be admired and cherished for long ages; the criticism often dies with the critic. The two higher beauties of Poetry which are missed by the uncultivated are—the ideality of the thought, and the Music of the diction. The upward flight of the noble mind, struggling ever onwards to attain something still more beautiful and more nearly perfect, cannot be watched or traced by the half-trained eyes of one of the common folk; such eyes as his must be shaded from the blaze of sunlight; so is the ideality of the great poet unseen and unknown but to the few. The Music of Poetry consists in the presentation to the ear of successive sounds which satisfy our natural craving for rhythmical proportion, whilst tempering the regularity of rhythm by frequent contrasts; the taste must be carefully cultivated before it is keen enough to gauge such delicacies of construction or form. But every word which has just been said about the due appreciation of Poetry may be equally applied to the art of Music; indeed, the elements and characteristics of the two arts are so interwoven that they can with difficulty be unravelled. Has a man no Music in him? he will never become a poet; has he

no Poetry in him? he will never become a musician. The old writer uttered a deep truth when he quaintly defined Poetry as "Reason joined with Musick;" and we may justly add that Music is "Poetry and Painting in sound:" Poetry, because its merit lies in the ideality of its aims and the beauty of proportion in its construction and form; Painting, because it enables us to call up vividly scenes which painters have ever essayed to put on canvas, though they have perhaps never realized them to the fullest. Great poets and musicians are of "the few who ennoble the many," and they probably do more than any other artists to save humanity from a saddening and pessimist view of life of the dread struggle for existence going on around us. Thy have, of course, easier means of exerting widespread influence than other artists. A beautiful piece of music or a beautiful poem may conceivably be listened to or read in every home throughout civilized life at the same moment of time, but the master-picture or the all-but living piece of sculpture remains stationary on one spot. If such are to be enjoyed, their whereabouts must first be discovered, and thither all (who can!) must make a pilgrimage. These lovely twin-sisters, Poetry and Music, have therefore much cause for mutual congratulation, and I call upon all of you who, when listening to a sonata or symphony, have had poetical thoughts of inexpressible beauty suggested to you by sister Music, to turn to the pages

which follow and hear how tunefully Poetry can repay her sister's love. To you who know and love the beauty of Poetry, but to whom the highest meanings of Music are hidden, I would say, read Poetry's praise of her sister Music; if you do so, I doubt not you will earnestly desire to enter into that new realm of thought and emotion from which it is in her power alone to draw aside the veil, and into the joys of which she alone can grant you admittance.

J. S.

MUSIC IN SONG.

WRITTEN 1369.

IT WAS waked
With smale foules, a grete hepe,
That had afrayed me out of slepe,
Thorgh noyse and sweetnesse of her songe.
And songen everych in hys wyse
The moste solempne servise
By noote, that ever man, Y trowe,
Had herd . . . for instrument nor melodye
Was no-wher herd yet half so swete,
Nor of acorde ne half so mete.

CHAUCER.

BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;

Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch my change,
Blame not my Lute!

SIR T. WYAT.

EPITAPH OF T. TALLIS, COMPOSER, D. 1585.

NTERRED here doth ly a worthy wyght,
Who for long tyme in musick bore the bell;
His name to shew was Thomas Tallis hyght,
In honest vertuous lyff he dyd excell.

He served long tyme in chappel with grete prayse,
Fower sovereygnes reignes (a thing not often seene),
I mean King Henry and Prince Edward's dayes,
Quene Marie, and Elizabeth our quene.

FTSOONS they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere;
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To rede what manner Music that mote be;

For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

ED. SPENSER.

MUSIC.

TOUCHING musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds, a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony. A thing which delighteth all ages and beseemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which Music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject. . . . The harmony of sounds being framed in due sort and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly

available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled, apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager, and able both to move and to moderate all affections.

R. HOOKER.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

THE motion which the nine-fold sacred quire
Of angels make: the bliss of all the bless'd,
Which (next the Highest) most fills the highest desire.
And moves but souls that move in Pleasure's rest:
The heavenly charms that lullabies our woes,
And re-collects the mind that cares distract.
The lively death of joyless thoughts o'erthrows,
And brings rare joys but thought on into act:
Which like the Soul of all the world doth move
The universal nature of this All.
The life of life, and soul of joy and love,
High rapture's heaven: the That I can not call
(Like God) by réal name: and what is this
But Music, next the Highest, the highest bliss?

JOHN DAVIES of Hereford.

THE man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKESPERE. (*Merchant of Venice.*)

SONG.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

SHAKESPERE. (*King Henry VIII.*)

IF music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!

SHAKESPERE. (*Twelfth Night.*)

THE setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past.

SHAKESPERE.

AND thou, sweet Music, Dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech;
Loadstone of fellowship, charming-rod of strife,
The soft mind's Paradise, the sick mind's leech;
With thine own tongue, thou trees and stones canst teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

SIR J. DAVIES.

DOTH Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings!
Or droop they as disgraced,
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defaced?
If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause,
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free,
Should not on Fortune pause;
'Tis crown enough to Virtue still, her own applause.

BEN JONSON.

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

INSTEAD of Music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
And but in Music's sports all difference refuses.

PH. FLETCHER.

TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER.

HARM me asleep, and melt me so,
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever,
From me this ill,
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill
My fever.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptime o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains,
That having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light
And take my flight
For heaven.

ROBERT HERRICK.

EASTER.

AWAKE, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The Crosse taught all wood to resound His Name
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all Music is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let Thy blessed spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

G. HERBERT

THE CHURCH PORCH.

SUNDAIES observe: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis Angels' Musick; therefore come not late.

G. HERBERT.

WRITTEN 1596.

IF Music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of Music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

BARNFIELD.

WHILE I listen to thy voyce,
Chloris, I feel my life decay,
That powerfull noyse
Calls my fleeting soul away;
O suppress that magick sound,
Which destroys without a wound!

Peace, Chloris, or singing dye,
That together thou and I
To heaven may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed doe above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.

EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687).

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of syrens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce,
And to our high-raised fantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphire colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand choirs
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
Singing everlastingly:

That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise:
As once we did till disproportioned sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair Music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose Love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.

JOHN MILTON.

THEN, crowned again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

MILTON.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

. . . . . .

RING out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

MILTON.

L'ALLEGRO.

. . . . .

AND ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

MILTON.

MUSIC'S EMPIRE.

FIRST was the world as one great cymbal made,
Where jarring winds to infant nature played;
All music was a solitary sound,
To hollow rocks and murmuring fountains bound.
Jubal first made the wilder notes agree,

And Jubal tunèd Music's jubilee;
He called the echoes from their sullen cell,
And built the organ's city, where they dwell;
Each sought a consort in that lovely place,
And virgin trebles wed the manly bass;
From whence the progeny of numbers new
Into harmonious colonies withdrew;
Some to the lute, some to the viol went,
And others chose the cornet eloquent;
These practising the wind, and those the wire,
To sing man's triumphs, or in heaven's choir.
Then Music, the mosaic of the air,
Did of all these a solemn noise prepare,
With which she gained the Empire of the ear,
Including all between the earth and sphere.
Victorious sounds! yet here your homage do
Unto a gentler conqueror than you;
Who, though he flies the music of his praise,
Would with you Heaven's Hallelujahs raise.

ANDREW MARVELL

THE FAIR SINGER.

TO make a final conquest of all men
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony:
That while she with her eyes my heart doth bind
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from One but singly fair.
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair:
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreathe
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

It had been easy fighting in some plain
Where victory might hang in equal choice.
But all resistance against her is vain
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice;
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

CELIA'S BREATH IN SLEEP.

BUT if the angel, which inspires
This subtle flame with active fires,
Should mould this breath to words, and those
Into a harmony dispose,
The music of this heavenly sphere
Would steal each soul out at the ear,
And into plants and stones infuse
A life that cherubim would choose,
And with new powers invert the laws of fate,
Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

TH. STANLEY.

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY. 1687.

WHAT passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.

. . . . . .

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre :

And bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
  Mistaking Earth for Heaven!

As from the power of sacred lays
  The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
  To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky. DRYDEN.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THUS, long ago,
  Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
  While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an Angel down!

DRYDEN.

ODE ON ST CECILIA'S DAY.

MUSIC the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above. . . .
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given;
His numbers raised a shade from Hell,
Hers lift the soul to Heaven.

POPE.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

A CERTAIN Music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtained: behoves no more,
But side-long to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined,
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight;
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me; what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings through the heart;
And now a graver, sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart;
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art.

JAMES THOMSON.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings,
Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft control.

GRAY.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell.
—O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording sister's page;—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,

Thy humblest reed could more prevail
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound :—
O bid our vain endeavours cease :
Revive the first designs of Greece :
Return in all thy simple state !
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

W. COLLINS.

GODDESS of the Lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony ! descend
And join this festal train ? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth ; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.

M. AKENSIDE.

TO MUSIC.

QUEEN of every moving measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
Music! why thy power employ
Only for the sons of joy?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom Death or Absence parts;
And, with some softly-whisper'd air,
Smooth the brow of dumb despair.

J. WARTON.

AND when, beside me in the dale,
He carroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale
And Music to the grove.—

GOLDSMITH.

THE DOMESTIC WINTER EVENING.

THE poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling cord shakes out.

WILLIAM COWPER.

NATURE inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated Nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain.

COWPER.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave,
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

COWPER.

THE PAPYRUS.

HEN peal'd at intervals with mingled swell,
The echoing harp, shrill clarion, horn, and shell:
While bards, ecstatic bending o'er the lyre,
Struck deeper chords, and wing'd the song with fire.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

S there a heart that Music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!

J. BEATTIE.

USIC has charms to soothe a savage breast.

J. BRAMSTON *or* CONGREVE.

HE shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade.
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE POWER OF SOUND.

ORPHEAN Insight! truth's undaunted lover,
To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,
When Music deigned within this grosser sphere
Her subtle essence to enfold,
And voice and shell drew forth a tear
Softer than Nature's self could mould.

. . . . . .

Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no scheme,
No scale of moral Music—to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
Of memory? O that you might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear!

WORDSWORTH.

SOFT is the Music that would charm for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

WORDSWORTH.

POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may grow bold,
And take to herself all the wonders of old;—
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the same
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.
His station is there; and he works on the crowd,
He sways them with harmony merry and loud;
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—
Was ought ever heard like his fiddle and him?
What an eager assembly! what an empire is this!
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss;
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest;
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer opprest. . . .
The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore;
The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her store;—
If a thief could be here he might pilfer at ease;
She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees!
He stands, backed by the wall;—he abates not his din;
His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in.
That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight,
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!
The Music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

WORDSWORTH.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

BUT when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, an age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE lyre of Jubal, with divinest art,
Repelled the demon, and revived his heart,
Thus song, the breath of heaven, had power to bind
In chains of harmony the mightiest mind;
Thus Music's empire in the soul began;
The first-born poet ruled the first-born man.

MONTGOMERY.

I GAVE my harp to sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long.
They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to *her* song.

Sing heavenly Hope, and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
That Harp shall breathe at thy command
Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah! then this gloom control,
And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul
A native Eden in my heart.

MONTGOMERY.

THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea.
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.

Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

AGAIN, sweet siren, breathe again
That deep, pathetic, powerful strain,
Whose melting tones of tender woe
Fall soft as evening's summer dew,
That bathes the pinks and harebells blue
Which in the vales of Teviot blow.—

Oh! sure as Hindu legends tell,
When Music's tones the bosom swell,
  The scenes of former life return;
Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,
We left our parent climes afar,
  Immured in mortal forms to mourn.
'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
The deep-toned Music of the soul,
  That warbles in our Scottish song,
I hear, I hear, with awful dread,
The plaintive Music of the dead!
  They leave the amber fields of day:
Soft as the cadence of the wave,
That murmurs round the mermaid's grave,
  They mingle in the magic lay.
Sweet sounds! that oft have soothed to rest
The sorrows of my guileless breast,
  And charmed away mine infant tears:
Fond memory shall your strains repeat,
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
  That in the wild the traveller hears.

LEYDEN.

EFFECT OF MUSIC UPON ANIMALS.

SOME French philosophers once made a concert for the national elephants, to try their taste for Music. The same thing had been done forty years before them by John Wesley. Animals are affected by Music just as men are who know nothing of the theory, and, like men, some have musical ears and some have not. One dog will howl at a flute or trumpet, while another is perfectly indifferent to it. This howling is probably not the effect of pain, as the animal shows no mark of displeasure; he seems to mean it as a vocal accompaniment. The effect of Music upon animals has certainly been known from time immemorial; the tales of Orpheus would not else have existed. The fact is applied to good purpose by the Eastern snake-catchers.

R. SOUTHEY.

ESSAYS OF ELIA.

SENTIMENTALLY, I am disposed to harmony; scientifically, I could never be made to understand (yet I have taken some pains) what a note of Music is, or how one note should differ

from another. It is hard to stand alone in an age like this (constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut), to remain, as it were, singly unimpassionable to the magic influences of an art which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions. . . . I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. . . . The insufferable concertos and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. To be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a-dying; to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music.*

CHARLES LAMB.

O his very soul she sang, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought,
Which only Music's heaven-born art can bring
To sweep across the mind with Angel wing.
'Twas then she struck the keys, and Music made
That mocked all skill her hand had e'er displayed.
Inspired, and warbling, rapt from things around,
She looked the very Muse of Magic sound,
Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow,
Her closing strain composed and calm she played,
And sang no words to give its pathos aid;
But grief seemed lingering in its lengthened swell,
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.

CAMPBELL.

ECHOES.

OW sweet the answer echo makes
To Music at night
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes
Goes answering light!

T. MOORE.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of Music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled. . . . .
No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells :
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG.

H, never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve so sweet,
As when upon the ocean-shore
I hailed the star beam mild.

And then I talk, and often think
Aërial voices answer me ;
And, oh ! I am not then alone—
A solitary man.

The deep-toned winds, the moaning sea,
The whisp'ring of the boding trees,
The brook's eternal flow, and oft
The condor's hollow scream.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE PAST.

HEAVEN-AIRS amid the harp-strings dwell ;
And we wish they ne'er may fade,—
They cease,—and the soul is a silent cell,
Where Music never play'd.

PROF. WILSON.

THE natural Music of the mountain reed.
. . . Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment,—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me !

BYRON.

TWILIGHT.

T is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.

BYRON.

HERE the voluptuous nightingales
Are awake thro' all the broad noon-day,
When one with bliss or sadness fails,
And thro' the windless ivy-boughs,
Sick with sweet love, droops dying away
On its mate's music panting bosom;
Another from the swinging blossom,
Watching to catch the languid close
Of the last strain, then lifts on high
The wings of the weak melody,
Till some new strain of feeling bear
The song, and all the woods are mute;
When there is heard thro' the dim air
The rush of wings, and rising there
Like many a lake-surrounding flute,
Sounds overflow the listener's brain,
So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

P. B. SHELLEY.

WINDS that bear sweet Music,
When they breathe
Through some dim latticed chamber.

P. B. SHELLEY.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. SHELLEY.

JOY to the Spirit came,
And dulcet Music swelled
Concordant with the life-strings of the soul;
It throbbed in sweet and languid beatings there,
Catching new life from transitory death—
Like the vague sighings of a wind at even,
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea,
And dies on the creation of its breath

And sinks and rises, fails and swells, by fits,
Was the pure stream of feeling
That sprang from these sweet notes,
And o'er the Spirit's human sympathies
With mild and gentle motion calmly flowed.

P. B. SHELLEY.

MUSIC.

PANT for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

2.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
More, oh more!—I am thirsting yet!
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart, to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.

3.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
And mist there was none its thirst to slake,
And the violet lay dead while the odour flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue.

P. B. SHELLEY.

THERE are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

KEBLE.

AS for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before.

KEBLE.

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

THE statue of Memnon poured out its song of joy, when the rays of the morning sun fell upon it: and thus when the rays of divine Truth first fall on a human soul, it is scarcely possible that something like heavenly Music should not issue from its depths. The statue, however, was of stone: no living voice was awakened in it: the sounds melted and floated away. Alas, that the heavenly Music drawn from the heart of man should often be no less fleeting than the song of Memnon's statue.

HARE.

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

SONG is the tone of feeling. Like poetry, the language of feeling, art should regulate, and perhaps temper and modify it. But whenever such a modification is introduced as destroys the predominance of the feeling,—which yet happens in ninety-nine settings out of a hundred, and with nine hundred and ninety-nine taught singers out of a thousand,—the essence is sacrificed to what should be the accident; and we get notes, but no song. If

song however be the tone of feeling, what is beautiful singing? The balance of feeling, not the absence of it.—

HARE.

AFTER listening to very fine Music, it appears one of the hardest problems, how the delights of heaven can be so attempered to our perceptions, as to become endurable for their pain.

HARE.

THE voices of my home!—I hear them still!
They have been with me thro' the dreamy night—
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight!
I hear them still, unchanged:—though some from earth
Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
Wild, silvery tones, that rang thro' days more bright!
Have died in others,—yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home!

MRS HEMANS.

BUT many days have passed since last my heart
Was warmed luxuriously by divine Mozart:
By Arne delighted, or by Handel maddened;
Or by the song of Erin pierced and saddened:
What time you were before the Music sitting,
And the rich notes to each sensation fitting.

KEATS.

DID he ever live, that lonely man,
Who loved—and Music slew not? 'Tis the pest
Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest.

KEATS

THE meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect Music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that!

T. CARLYLE.

THE one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.
And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of all?

COLERIDGE.

TO MUSIC.

MYSTERIOUS keeper of the key
That opes the gates of memory;
Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,
We live o'er years of bliss again.
To gloom or sadness thou canst suit
The chords of thy delicious lute;
For every heart thou hast a tone,
Rendering its sadness all thine own.

A. A. WATTS.

MUSIC! miraculous art, that makes the poet's skill a jest, revealing to the soul inexpressible feelings by the aid of inexplicable sounds! A blast of thy trumpet, and millions rush forward to die; a peal of thy organ, and uncounted nations sink down to pray. Mighty is thy threefold power! First, thou canst call up all elemental sounds, and scenes, and subjects with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! Lo! the voice of the winds, the flash of the lightning, the swell of the wave, the solitude of the valley! Then thou canst speak to the secrets of a man's heart as if by inspiration. Strike the lyre! Lo! our early love, our treasured hate, our withered joy, our flattering hope! And, lastly, by the mysterious melodies thou canst recall man from all thought of this world and of himself, bringing back to his soul's memory dark but delightful recollections of the glorious heritage which he has lost, but which he may win again. Strike the lyre! Lo! Paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendour and its gates of unimaginable glory!

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

HE greatest advantage that a writer can derive from Music is, that it teaches most exquisitely the art of development.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

CHORIC MUSIC.

HERE is sweet Music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

A. TENNYSON.

ND I--my harp would prelude woe—
I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

TENNYSON.

THE SERAPHIM.

LOVE and pity made their voices faint
Into the low and tender music, keeping
The place in heaven of what on earth is weeping.

E. B. BROWNING.

ISOBEL'S CHILD.

THIS earthly noise is too anear,
Too loud, and will not let me hear
The little harp. My death will soon
Make silence.
And a sense of tune,
A satisfied love meanwhile
Which nothing earthly could despoil,
Sang on within her soul.

E. B. BROWNING.

THE SERAPHIM.

Ador.

HEREAFTER shall the blood-bought captives raise
The passion song of blood.

Zerah. And *we*, extend

Our holy vacant hands towards the throne
Crying, "We have no music."
Ador. Rather, blend
Both musics into one.
The sanctities and sanctified above
Shall each to each, with lifted looks serene,
Their shining faces lean,
And mix the adoring breath,
And breathe the full thanksgiving.

E. B. BROWNING.

THE DEATH-SONG OF THE POET.

HAVE a people of mine own,
And great or small, whate'er they be,
'Tis harp and harper, touch and tone—
There's music between them and me.

CHARLES MACKAY.

ABT VOGLER.

OULD that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,

Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of Angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim.
Adverse each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed—
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princes he loved!
Would it tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!

. . . . .

There shall never be one lost good! what was, shall live as before;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

. . . . .

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

. . . . .

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

. . . . .

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys, I feel for the common chord again
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C major of his life: so now I will try to sleep.

R. BROWNING.

MUSIC.

WHAT music breathes through all my spirit
As the breezes blow through a tree;
And my soul gives light as it quivers,
Like moons on a tremulous sea.

New passions are wakened within me,
  New passions that have not a name;
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms
  Stand up clear and bright in the flame.

And my soul is possessed with yearnings
  Which make my life broaden and swell;
And I hear strange things that are soundless,
  And I see the invisible.

I strove, but the sweet sounds have conquered:
  Within me the Past is awake;
The Present is grandly transfigured;
  The Future is clear as daybreak.

But my soul seems floating for ever
  In an orb of ravishing sounds,
Through faint-falling echoes from Heaven,
  'Mid beautiful earths without bounds.

Now sighing, as zephyrs in summer,
  The concords glide in like a stream,
With a sound that is almost a silence,
  Or the soundless sounds in a dream.

There are sounds like flakes of snow falling
  In their silent and eddying rings;
We tremble,—they touch us so lightly,
  Like the feathers from Angels' wings.

There are pauses of marvellous silence,
That are full of significant sound,
Like music echoing music
Under water or under ground.

My mind is bewildered with echoes,—
Not all from the sweet sounds without;
But spirits are answering spirits
In a beautiful muffled shout.

Though the sounds they make are all foreign,
How native, how household they are,
The tones of old homes mixed with heaven,
The dead and the angels speak there.

Dear voices, that long have been silenced,
Come clear from their peaceable land,
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness
From the presence in which they stand.

Or is Music the inarticulate
Speech of the angels on earth?
Or the voice of the Undiscovered
Bringing great truths to the birth?

O Music! thou surely art worship;
But thou art not like praise or prayer;
And words make better thanksgiving
Than thy sweet melodies are.

There is in thee another worship,
An outflow of something divine;
For the voice of adoring silence,
If it could be a voice, were thine.

And I guess by the stir of this music
What raptures in Heaven can be,
Where the sound is thy marvellous stillness
And the music is light out of thee.

F. W. FABER.

THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD AND OF THE SOUL.

WHY should I say I see the things I see not?
Why be and be not?
Show love for what I love not, and fear for what I fear not?
And dance about to Music that I hear not?
Who standeth still i' the street
Shall be hustled and justled about;
And he that stops i' the dance shall be spurned by the dancers' feet,—
Shall be shoved and be twisted by all he shall meet,
And shall raise up an outcry and rout;

And the partner, too,—
What's the partner to do?
While all the while 'tis but, perchance, an humming in mine ear,
That yet anon shall hear,
And I anon, the Music in my soul,
In a moment read the whole;
The Music in my heart,
Joyously take my part,
And hand in hand, and heart with heart, with these retreat advance;
And borne on wings of wavy sound
Whirl with these around, around,
Who here are living in the living dance!
Why forfeit that fair chance?
Till that arrive, till thou awake,
Of these, my soul, thy Music make,
And keep amid the throng,
And turn as they shall turn, and bound as they are bounding—
Alas! alas! alas! and what if all along
The Music is not sounding?
Are there not, then, two Musics unto men?—
One loud and bold and coarse,
And overpowering still perforce
All tone and tune besides. . . .
The other soft and low, stealing whence we do not know,

. . . Yet turn to other none,—
Turn not, oh, turn not thou!
But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it may;
Listen, listen, listen, is it not sounding now?

A. H. CLOUGH.

AND thou, too; if through nature's calm
Some strain of Music touch thine ears,
Accept and share that soothing balm,
And sing, though choked with pitying tears.

C. KINGSLEY.

A CLEAR, rich, massive voice of extraordinary compass, and yet full of all the graceful ease, the audacious frolic, of perfect physical health and strength and beauty. It was a voice which you trusted; after the first three notes you felt that that perfect ear, that perfect throat, could never, even by the thousandth part of a note, fall short of melody; and you gave your soul up to it, and cast

yourself upon it, to bear you up and away, like a fairy steed, whither it would, down into the abysses of sadness, and up to the highest heaven of joy.

C. KINGSLEY.

THE harp of the minstrel is untruly touched if his own glory is all that it records.

J. RUSKIN.

THE great angel of the sea—rain; throughout sweet Summer keeping tremulous Music with harp-strings of dark water among the silver fingering of the pebbles.

RUSKIN.

MANY mighty harmonies have been discoursed by instruments that had been dumb or discordant, but that God knew their stops.

J. RUSKIN.

EVEN as in Music, where all obey and concur to one end, so that each has the joy of contributing to a whole whereby he is ravished and lifted up into the courts of heaven, so will it be in that crowning time of the millennial reign, when our daily prayer will be fulfilled, and one law shall be written on all hearts, and be the very structure of all thought, and be the principle of all action.

GEO. ELIOT.

HOW will you know the pitch of that great bell
Too large for you to stir? Let but a flute
Play 'neath the fine-mixed metal: listen close
Till the right note flows forth, a silvery rill:
Then shall the huge bell tremble—then the mass
With myriad waves concurrent shall respond
In low soft unison.

GEORGE ELIOT.

E do not hear that Memnon's statue gave forth its melody at all under the rushing of the mightiest wind, or in response to any other influence, divine or human, than certain short-lived sunbeams of morning; and we must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that some of those cunningly-fashioned instruments called human souls have only a very limited range of Music, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture or quivering agony.

GEORGE ELIOT.

URELY the only courtship unshaken by doubts and fears, must be that in which the lovers can sing together. The sense of mutual fitness that springs from the two deep notes fulfilling expectation just at the right moment between the notes of the silvery soprano, from the perfect accord of descending thirds and fifths is likely enough to supersede any immediate demand for less impassioned forms of agreement.

GEORGE ELIOT.

HE Music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which tasked thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat.

M. ARNOLD.

THYRSIS.

HEN the Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

M. ARNOLD.

HY voice is the mere melody of thy heart:—
Those sightless chords (as some Æolian lyre,
That in confiding converse with the winds
Will render all the breath of heaven can bring)
Are set where dewy wafts of fragrant thought
Thrill through them from the garden of thy God
And lend them all they say.

(*Pocket of Pebbles.*) W. B. PHILPOT

H lady stay awhile thy song,
And let me somewhere steal away,
Thy Music seems not to belong
By lawful marriage to thy lay,
For one who once could touch the keys
For me, used other tones than these.

Forgive me that my mind is such.
She played not, sang not with thine art,
But yet a something in her touch
Flashed with a message to my heart,
And this is why I cannot bear
Those words to any better air.

W. B. PHILPOT.

MY MOTHER'S HARP.

SEE the Harp again
Whereon our Mother played;
But oh! I miss her pleasant strain
The Music that she made.

Dear Harp, disused for long,
Thy strings are half unstrung,
'Tis well,—for that beloved song
Can never more be sung.

And yet I love to see
  Thy beauty and thy grace,
For o'er thee, leans again for me,
  My Mother's form and face.

I see her o'er thee bending
  With arms like sunlit snow,
I hear her hymn ascending,
  I see her face aglow.

Her living heart is lending
  The love that lights her so,
And all together blending,
  How sweetly do they go.

There are the silver chords,
  And there the ambient air,
But she who made them one with words
  Makes Music otherwhere.

Like Guido's holy Hope
  Her head is half upraised,
As though she saw some portal ope,
  And entered where she praised.

W. B. PHILPOT.

WHO shall lay any bounds to the tunes which the Divine Music-master of the world can play upon the notes of this dust of His?—

"Set body, mind, and will in harmony,
To chaunt the parts of Life arranged by Thee."

W. B. PHILPOT.

MY harp is set, O God, above the stir and strife—
It will not keep in tune amid the rush of life;
Soft airs from Heaven shall play upon its trembling strings,
And deep toned echoes answer all glad undying things.

L. C. PHILPOT.

THE MESSAGE.

. . . . .

HEN I heard a strain of Music,
So mighty, so pure, so dear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.
It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On Music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech,
Farther than sight can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.
And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate ;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

A. A. PROCTER.

THE MONOCHORD.

(Written during Music.)

S it the moved air or the moving sound
That is Life's self and draws my life from me,
And by instinct ineffable decree
Holds my breath quailing on the bitter bound?
Nay, is it, Life or Death, thus thunder-crown'd,
That mid the tide of all emergency
Now notes my separate wave, and to what sea
Its difficult eddies labour in the ground?

Oh! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,
The lifted shifted steeps, and all the way?—
That draws round me at last this wind warm space
And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay?

D. G. ROSSETTI.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

HE spoke as when the stars sang in their spheres.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

D. G. Rossetti.

PASSION AND WORSHIP.

HY mastering Music walks the sun-lit sea;
And where wan water trembles in the grove
And the wan moon is all the light thereof,
This harp still makes my name its voluntary.

D. G. Rossetti.

THE RIVER'S BANK.

IS God who tunest all things, if the soul
Be but subdued unto its lowly prison,
(Gathering from fitful changes self-control,)
Till she discerns that gentle orison

That bindeth all things in the solemn swell
Of mystic union: then the wandering breeze
O'er the lone pine, (like that deep-echoing shell,
Which learns the voice of its own parent seas,)
Shall be her music: Autumn's manlier throat,
Shadow and storm, bluff Winter's harbingers,
Sweetly shall blend with Summer's milder note,
Until the chastened heart serenely hears
Within that lowly chaunt a strain divine,
Which echoes back the Angelic harps on high,
Singing the great High-Priest, who at His shrine
Hath wedded all in holiest harmony.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

WE cannot sit, inertly calmed, to hear
The silence broken by the step of life;
We must have Music while we languish here,
Loud Music, to annul our spirit's strife,
To make the soul with pleasant fancies rife,
And soothe the stranger from another sphere!

CHARLES TENNYSON.

BUT he of dreams may spell the best
Who felt delicious Music thrill
His spirit in the hour of rest,
And waking, found it Music still!
I would philosophy could tell
What made the sleeper dream so well.

CHARLES TENNYSON.

DOMINION.

CONSIDER it
(This outer world we tread on) as a harp—
A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
We learn those airs we shall be set to play
When mortal hours are ended. Let the wings,
Man, of thy spirit move on it as wind,
And draw forth melody. Why should'st thou yet
Lie grovelling? More is won than ever was lost
Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night,
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew and soar.

So take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God.
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
"Thy Father loves thee."

JEAN INGELOW.

I OPENED the doors of my heart.
And behold,
There was music within and a song,
And echoes did feed on the sweetness, repeating it long.
I opened the doors of my heart and behold,
There was music that played itself out in melodious notes;
Then was heard from a far-away bell at long intervals toll'd,
That mingles and floats,
And presently dieth, forgotten of forest and wold.

And comes in all passion again, and a tremblement soft,
That maketh the listener full oft
To whisper, "Ah! would I might hear it for ever and aye,
When I toil in the heat of the day,
When I walk in the cold." . . . .
Lo! or ever I was 'ware,
In the silence of the air,
Through my heart's wide-open door,
Music floated forth once more,
Floated to the world's dark rim,

And looked over with a hymn;
Then came home with flutings fine,
And discoursed in tones divine
Of a certain grief of mine;
And went downward and went in,
Glimpses of my soul to win,
And discovered such a deep
That I could not choose but weep,
For it lay, a land-locked sea,
Fathomless and dim to me.

JEAN INGELOW.

HILE still the music of her voice
Made the birds' song seem tuneless noise.

MORRIS.

HAT sweet song of Hannah's (1 Sam. ii. 1, 2), where did she get it from? I will tell you. You have picked up a shell, have you not, by the sea-side, and you have put it to your ear, and heard it sing of the wild waves! Where did it learn this music? In the deeps. It had been tossed to and fro in the rough sea until it learned to talk with a deep, soft meaning of mysterious things which only the salt sea caves can communicate. Hannah's poesy was born of her sorrow.

C. H. SPURGEON.

A LULL IN LIFE.

LONG for a hush to group the harmonies
of thought
Round each melodious strain that the harp
of life hath caught,
And time for the fitful breeze Æolian chords to bring,
Waking the music that slept, mute in the tensionless
string.

F R. HAVERGAL.

MORE MUSIC.

H for a burst of song,
Exultant, deep, and strong,
One gush of Music's billowy might,
To bear my soul away
Into the realms of day,
From these dim glacier-caves of Life's cold night!

The sweetest Music here,
Calls forth the quiet tear,
For grief and gladness flow in blended stream;

O for the joyous day,
(Can it be far away?)
When one great Alleluia song shall chase Life's tuneless dream!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

WHAT wouldst thou be?
A bright incarnation of melody.
One whose soul is a fairy lute,
Waking such tones as bid all be mute,
Breathing such notes as may silence woe,
Pouring such strains as make joy o'erflow,
Speaking in Music the heart's deep emotion,
Soothing and sweet as the shell of the ocean.
Such would I be,
Like a fountain of Music, all pure and free.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

SONGS half heard in the twilight
Dying softly to rest.
Broken snatches of music,
Stirring the depths that sleep,
Where memory patient bideth
Her silent watch to keep.

H. BOWMAN.

BECAUSE thou hast kept in those world-wandering eyes
The light that makes the Music of the skies;
Because thou hast heard with world-unwearied ears
The Music that puts light into the spheres;
Have therefore in thine heart and in thy mouth
The sound of song that mingles north and south,
The song of all the winds that sing of me,
And in thy soul the sense of all the sea.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

WE, with heart enkindled eyes
Upwondering, search the music-moulded skies
Sphere by sweet sphere, concordant as it blends
Light of bright sound, sound of clear light, in one,
As all the stars found utterance through the sun.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

. . . .

I SHALL never be friends again with roses;
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes—

As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire—
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes,
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war, and the passion of wonder,
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,
The stars that sing, and the loves that thunder,
The music burning at heart like wine.
An armed archangel, whose hands raise up
All senses mixed in the spirit's cup,
Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder—
These things are over, and no more mine.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THALASSIUS.

AND heard above afar
A noise of songs and wind-enamoured wings
And lutes and lyres of milder and mightier strings,
And round the resonant radiance of his Car
Where depth is one with height,
Light heard as Music, Music seen as light,
And with that second moondawn of the springs,
That fosters the first rose,

A sun-child whiter than the sunlit snows
Was born out of the world of sunless things,
That round the round earth flows and ebbs and flows.
. . . So with the light that lightened from the lyre
Was all the bright heat in the child's heart stirred
And blown with blasts of Music into flame,
Till even his sense became
Fire, as the sense that fires the singing bird
Whose song calls night by name.
. . . And fear the song too taught him;
Fear to wax worthless of that heaven he had
When all the life in all his limbs was glad,
And all the pulses Music; when his heart
Singing, bade heaven and wind and sea bear part
In one live song's reiterance.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

NOW a "new song" is in my mouth
To long loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the Music of the glad Amen
Will never die away.

A. L. WARING.

AS mournful as young Music ever was
Upon the harp-strings of an ancient love,
And showing like the hill-tops when the Dove
Over a world of waters took her way.

(*Oxford Prize Poem*, 82, *June*.) D. S. MACCOLL.

JEHOVAH SHAMMAH.

NO mere machine is nature,
Wound-up, and left to play;
No wind-harp, played at random
By airs that idly stray;
A spirit sways the music,
A Hand is on the chords,
Oh! bow thy head and listen,
That hand, it is the Lord's!—

MRS CHARLES.

ABSTRACT MUSIC.

THE effect of Abstract Music—that is, music without words—upon the soul, though vague, weird, and undefinable, is so incontestible and all-powerful, that its immediate origin in nature itself can hardly for a moment be doubted. Musical combinations and progressions seem at times to recall something that does not belong to the present order of things, and to inspire almost a conviction that in another existence only will the full scope and significance of Abstract Music be understood.

H. DEACON.

THE manner in which a Musical sound arrests the attention of a child too young to understand, or of an animal, is a strong proof of its being a special sense of which we shall perhaps know more in another existence.

H. DEACON.

USIC does precisely what words do not do. It represents a state of thought and feeling more or less continuous, awakened by the statement of facts—a brooding over what has been said after the words are supposed to have ceased.

H. Deacon.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

OR when one *does* hear an artist who combines good singing with intelligible pronunciation and dramatic power, who feels both words and Music—what immense increase to one's pleasure, and one's profit! A thing, once heard, never to forget! *Then* one recognises that one is listening to fine poetry, clothed and decorated with a robe which the poet himself with all his imagination and his skill was powerless to weave—which the musician alone could construct for him. Then one sees how words which as you read them seem to fly to Heaven are by the Music indued with still more celestial colours and a still swifter flight made to grasp still more firmly and deeply the chords of the human heart. Then one realises that fine sing-

ing is only fine speaking; and that the great function of Music is to intensify and ennoble the emotions and aspirations which the poet had put into the words.

GEORGE GROVE.

THERE'S many a thought brooks no revealing,
And symphonies of high-toned feeling
Make music with the lone heart's chords,
Which never can be breathed in words.

T. E. HANKINSON.

THERE is a mystery in parting words—
A spell that sways affection's deepest chords,
And oft, when least expected, makes us start
At that Eolian Music of the heart.—

T. E. HANKINSON.

MUSIC IS THE DEEP NEED OF AN AGE.

HAS not Music taken your own turbulent emotions, and expressed them for you in the storm, leaving you sublimely elevated and yet sublimely calm at the close? . . . Music is an emotional Medium, fitted to express the mystic and complex emotions of that hidden life made up of self-analysis, sensibility, love, prayer, trance, visions, ecstasy, which gives to the human soul that inner and intense quality of spiritual independence which stamp, and qualifies all human progress. . . . Let the heaven-born art of Music spread: let it bless the homes and hearths of the people; let the children sing, and sing together: let the concertina, the violin, or the flute be found in every cottage. . . . And while Music refines pleasure, let it stimulate work. Let part songs and sweet melody rise in all our crowded factories, above the whirl of wheels and clanking of machinery; thus let the factory girl forget her toil and the artizan his grievance, and Music, the civiliser, the recreator, the soother and purifier of the emotions, shall become the Music of the future for England.

HAWEIS.

OLD VIOLINS.

THE voice of the violin may be as fair as its form and finish; yet unstrung and silent, more truly can it be said of a violin than of any human creature, that it is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," for its beauty grows with the mellowness of age; its voice is sweeter as the centuries roll on, and its physical frame appears to be almost indestructible.

H. R. HAWEIS.

MUSIC, by its constant succession and expectancy, floats our souls as on a magic river to the verge of the infinite, and seems but the prelude to that perfect satisfaction in the entire expression of itself, for which the heart is ever craving.

H. MACMILLAN.

FO'C'S'LE YARNS.

AND Tommy had a fiddle too,
And I don't know what was there he couldn do
With yonder fiddle, the way it 'd mock
Everything—it 'd crow like a cock,
It 'd hoot like a donkey, it 'd moo like a cow;
It 'd cry like a baby, it 'd grunt like a sow,
Or a thrush, or a pigeon, or a lark, or a linnet—
You'd really thought they were livin in it.
But the tunes he was playin—that was the thing
Like squeezin honey from the string;
Like milkin a fiddle—no jerks, no squeaks—
And the tears upon the misthress' cheeks.
She'd often stop him, and ask would he change
To a nice slow tune, and Tommy would range
Up and down the strings, and sliddher
Into the key; and then he'd feather
The bow very fine, and a sort of a hum,
Like a bee round a flower, and out it 'd come.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS.

. . . . . .

OUR mystical modern music deep,
Not piped by shepherds to their sheep,
But wrung from souls that weep.

Round whom in strains that scorn control
The mighty diapasons roll,
That speak from soul to soul.

Great singers of the past! whose song
Still streams down earthward, pure and strong,
Free from all stain of wrong.

Most precious all, yet this is sure,
The song which longest shall endure
Is simple, sweet and pure.

To lift how little howsoe'er
The hearts of toilers struggling here,
In joyless lives and sere.

To make a little lighter yet
Their lives by daily ills beset,
Whom men and laws forget.

. . . . . .

EPIC OF HADES. ("HELEN.")

E are what Zeus has made us, discords playing
In the great Music, but the harmony
Is sweeter for them, and the great spheres ring
In one accordant hymn.

THE ODE OF LOVE.

. . . . . .

INKED arms and hearts aglow;
Wherever man is more than brute,
To this self-sacrifice our natures grow.
Rapt each in each they go, and mute,
Listening to the sweet song
Which Love, with unheard accents,
Sings to them, like a hidden bird, all day long,
Sweeter than e'er was seen or heard,
Which from life's thick-leaved tree
Sings sadly, merrily,
A strange, mixed song, a mystic strain,
Which rises now to joy and jollity,

Now seemeth to complain ;
But with a sweeter Music far than is
Of earthborn melodies.

. . . . . .

THE ODE OF YOUTH.

. . . . . .

SWEET maidenhood ! that to a silvery chime
Of music, and chaste fancies undefiled,
And modest grace and mild,
Comest, best gift of God to men,
High-soaring note, keeping the eternal song
Through secular discords long . . . .

EPIC OF HADES.

THE sound of music, that is born of human breath,
Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make ; . . . . .

. . . . . As he sang—
Of what I know not, but the music touched
Each chord of being—I felt my secret life
Stand open to it, as the parched earth yawns
To drink the summer rain; and at the call
Of those refreshing waters, all my thought
Stir from its dark and secrets depths, and burst
Into sweet, odorous flowers, and from their wells
Deep call to deep, and all the mystery
Of all that is, laid open.

SINCE singing is so good a thing
I wish all men would learn to sing.

T. BALDWIN.

AS well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there: all my springs are in Thee."

PSALM lxxxvii. 7.

THE LONELY HARP.

HUSH ! Hush ! Hush !
I am listening for the voices
Which I heard in days of old—
The bursts of joyous merriment
From lips that now are cold.
The laughter, and the tones of love,
Ere yet I tasted pain—
Oh hush the sounding strings awhile,
And they'll come back again.
I am listening for the music
Which I have not heard for long,
My heart is bursting with the words
Of some familiar song.
Dim tones are lingering on my ear,
And floating through my brain—
Oh hush the sounding strings awhile,
And they'll come back again.
Hush ! Hush ! Hush ! Hush !

ERE where sweet and varied tones
Bird and breese and fountains fall,
Yet creation's travail-groans
Ever sadly sigh through all.
There no discord jars the ear—
Harmony is perfect There.

LANGE.

VILLAGE BELLS.

H, merry are the village bells that sound with soothing chime
From the dim old tower, grown gray beneath the shadowy touch of Time.

. . . . . .

A few short years, a few brief suns, in earthly homes we dwell,
Then Life with all its dreams shall be but as a passing bell!

E. CARRINGTON.

THE SILENT HARP.

H! wherefore is it thus with me, that love divine
Has praise from every other lip, and none from mine?
That every other harp can find a joyful note,
To sing of Thy redeeming love, while mine is mute?
I struck it twice, I struck it thrice—it has forgot
The wonted song of gratitude—it answers not.
The ruthless winds have played on it, and they have torn
That only chord of joyfulness—there was but one.
They struck it twice, they struck it thrice—its Music woke
The deepest echoes of the soul—and then it broke.
O Lord, make haste! for it is Thou alone canst string
With Thine own hand this riven heart that it may sing.

C. FRY.

HOLY be the lay which mourning soothes the mourner on his way.—

THERE is not any Musicke of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men.

HE who wintry hours hath given,
With the snows gives snow-drops birth;
And while angels sing in heaven,
God hears robins sing on earth.

Only keep thee on the wing,
Music dieth in the dust,
Nothing but that creeps can sing,
Soaring, we can sing and trust.

AS long as Love continues the most imperious passion, and Death the surest fact of our mingled and marvellous humanity,—so long will the sweetest and truest Music on earth be ever in the minor key.

SPRING gave the song-bird back the song,
That late in wintry durance lay;
Shall I, then, after waiting long,
My heart again be gay?

Alas! there is no spring for thee,—
Song died because the flowers were ta'en,
And all the wild-wood minstrelsie
Came with the flowers again.

But to give back *thy* music lost
It is not spring that has the power;
Spring cannot touch the bitter frost
That holds thy captive flower.

CHORDS that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

MUSIC.

WHAT means this siege of ravished heart and brain?
What may these spiritual echoes bring to mind?
It seems not wholly joy nor wholly pain:
But each with each inhabiteth one strain,
Till thence a marvellous ecstasy combined
Makes sorrow not unwilling, tears pure gain.
Is it a yearning memory of bliss
From some far life that knew me long ago,
More painless and more equable than this,
Ere yet, fast bound with iron gyves within,
I died into this prison-house of woe?
Ah! that I yet may find some useful lore,
Not wholly deadened by the clasp of sin,
To conquer that delightful land once more!

PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.

MORGENLIED.

AT Mürren let the morning lead thee out
To walk upon the cold and cloven hills,
To hear the congregated mountains shout
Their pæan of a thousand foaming rills.
Raimented with intolerable light,
The snow-peaks stand above thee, row on row
Arising, each a seraph in his might;
An organ each of varied stop doth blow.
Heaven's azure dome trembles through all her spheres,
Feeling that music vibrate: and the sun
Raises his tenor as he upward steers;
And all the glory-coated mists that run
Beneath him in the valley, hear his voice,
And cry unto the dewy fields: rejoice!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE tune the minstrel plays
Is not that tune alone;
Many forgotten lays
Chime in its under-tone.

J. E. BROWN.

A SONG.

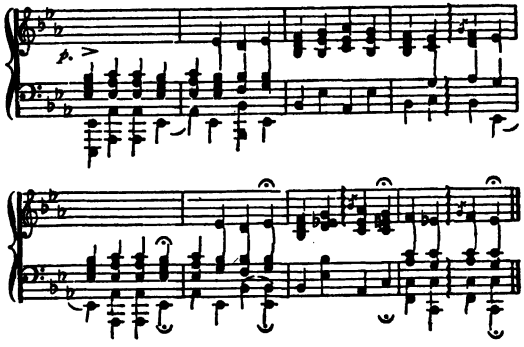
SHE pouring Music soft and strong,
Some God within her soul has lit,
Her face is rosy with the song
And her grey eyes are sweet with it.

A woman so with singing fired
Has earth a lovelier sight than this?

. . . . .

To lift her hand, and press, and part,
And think upon her long and long
And bear for ever in my heart
The tender traces of a song.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

NOCTURNE XI. (Op. 37.) *Chopin.*

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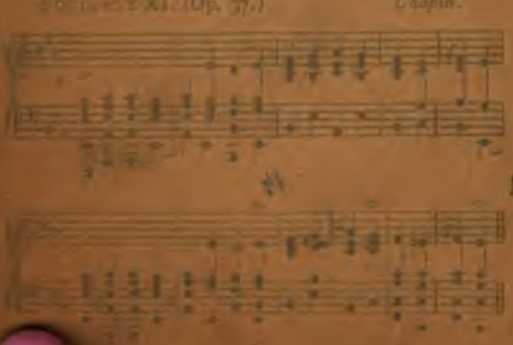
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